

"BY THEIR FRUITS."

It is finally announced that the long-expected reform of the police force is to be undertaken and that the first step in the work is to take the familiar form of a "shake-up," although on a larger scale than ever before. The inspectors, captains and sergeants who represent "the system" and who are suspected of "Deverism" are to be transferred to precincts where they will not be able to obstruct the reform policy, and their places will be filled by officials who can be relied on to aid the Administration in putting an end to the evils and scandals of the Department.

Until the changes are actually made it would be premature to criticize or commend the new policy further than to say that it is a step in the right direction and it meets a strong popular demand. What the people of New York look for and insist on is results. They want to see the end of police blackmail, extortion and protection of vice; they want to see the dives and notorious haunts of crime closed and their infamous proprietors prosecuted and punished; they want to see the gamblers of all kinds and classes, "square" and "crooked," high and low, driven out of the city, and, moreover, they want to see the discipline of authority exerted so strictly that the very poorest citizen shall have full confidence in the integrity of the force and in the management of the Department. They will judge the reform true not by the bright leaves of promise it has put forth, but by the substantial fruits of accomplished reform which it is yet to produce.

Price of Sunday Pleasure Seeking.—Eight Sunday pleasure-seekers were drowned yesterday in various waters within the immediate vicinity of New York. It is a high price to pay for an outing, but so near the price paid every Sunday as not to excite comment. If an explosion had caused it or a flat-house fire it would be different, you know!

A MAKESHIFT SETTLEMENT.

The present outlook of the coal strike is unfavorable to the miners. It is not likely that the bituminous coal miners will be able to come to the rescue of the strikers. The supply of bituminous coal is practically unlimited, and the anthracite roads are perfectly willing to compel the public to use soft coal until they can replace their striking miners with non-union workmen, and thus gain what they suppose will be a victory over trades unionism and a permanent settlement of the labor question. Such a view of the future, however, is very short-sighted, and such a settlement would be merely a short-lived makeshift. The permanent settlement of the relations between labor and capital in the coal mining business can be reached only by a fair and satisfactory agreement between the employers and the miners' unions, not by the temporary success of an attempt to crush out the principle of trades unionism.

Up and Down.—It is the opinion of Mayor Low and of Commissioner Partridge that the "shake up" is the obvious remedy for the "shake down."

TEMPLES OF FAME.

Massachusetts is to have a hall of fame. Next we may expect Massachusetts to erect a temple of similar sort and eventually, when all the States have followed New York's earlier example, we may look to cities and towns to extend the idea. Then with an abundance of niches to receive the statues of the illustrious new century before its first decade has passed may see all our heroes, national, State and municipal, properly perpetuated in posterity's remembrance and reverence.

The accommodations will be ample for the present, but what of the new crops of heroes yet to come? A great man is born every minute, a genius every day. A Philippine war, a railway merger, a fire, a football game, brings them into being in numbers. The birth-rate was never so high. What the congestion will be by the time a new century dawns is painful to consider.

A Busy City.—Russell Sage's doctor advises him to keep away from his office, unless he finds killing harder work than working. New York is a busy city, in which it is hard work to be idle.

THE GARBAGE NUISANCE KEEPS ON.

It has been less than two weeks since Street Cleaning Commissioner Woodbury made the gratifying announcement that the customary defilement of the harbor and of the nearby beaches as an incident of garbage removal was no longer to be dreaded, as he had made arrangements to abate the nuisance.

If Commissioner Woodbury had taken a sail down the harbor Saturday he would have been shocked to see the water to the east of the ship channel from the Narrows to Sandy Hook defiled by a compact Sargasso sea of floating garbage in which dead cats, stable refuse and other familiar forms of pollution forced themselves on the unwilling notice of the observer—each individual fragment of the foul flotilla destined to find its way ashore on the nearest beach or in front of some human habitation.

Why is it that the great city of New York, with its vast intelligence and its boundless resources, has not yet succeeded in the accomplishment of the easy feat of an intelligent, scientific, modern and effective method of garbage disposal?

BAT MASTERSON'S GUN.

The scene in Magistrate Crane's court when Bat Masterston asked respectfully for the return of his confiscated revolver was one to bring tears to the eyes of those who lament over fallen greatness. It was as if Arthur were petitioning his enemies for Excalibur or David begging the Philistines to restore his sling. "Tell the Judge to give me back my gun," said Bat to his counsel. "Mr. Masterston says will you kindly restore to him his revolver," said the deferential lawyer. The Magistrate regretted that the law forbade this act of magnanimity. So Bat parted company with his trusty weapon, "the best friend he ever had."

Thus the gun with twenty-eight notches goes to join the ordinary crooks' weapons in the police museum and its owner, most famous of Western sheriffs, yields without protest to the majesty of the law. Truly the old order changeth! Time was when Bat was proprietor of the most populous private graveyard in the land and might have added Magistrate Crane's tombstone to his collection. But old manners are gone. According to Owen Wister, who knows, the cowboy of romance is nearly extinct, the mining camp is a thriving and law-abiding city and bad men have gone over the range, and their terror, Bat Masterston, submits to be taken down by a "mush-headed copper!"

The Funny Side of Life.

JOKES OF OUR OWN.

"SMILES" AND TEARS.
"Laugh and the world laughs with you. Weep and you weep alone." But once in a while, with the weeper they'll "smile."
If he asks if they'd like to be "blown."

THE DEAR FRIENDS.
Maude—I inherit my aristocratic face from my grandmother.
Murle—Indeed? It's one of the few antique relics I ever saw that really looked as old as it was.

FREE POSTAGE.
"Senator Skinfint wrote me such a nice, frank letter."
"He couldn't write any other kind. All Senators' letters are franked."

STEEL TRUST.
"There is honor among thieves."
"A sort of Steel Trust, I suppose."

NOT GOODY-GOODY.
"Why won't your father let me marry me? I thought I was in his good books."
"You are. But that isn't the kind of literature he cares for."

BORROWED JOKES.

A GENTLE BLOW.
"Remember, my dear brethren," said the minister, "that charity covereth a multitude of sins. I hope you'll be unusually generous in your offering this morning."—Detroit Free Press.

DISTANT.
"Didn't you tell me that dog you sold me wouldn't bite any one he knew?"
"Yassuh," answered Mr. Brastus Pinkley, "but he ain't was kind o' hard to git acquainted with."—Washington Star.

TOUGH FLOUR.
Mrs. Youngbride—I've come to complain of that flour you sent me.
Grocer—What was the matter with it?
Mrs. Youngbride—It was tough. I made a pie with it and it was as much as my husband could do to cut it.—Philadelphia Press.

NOT HER FAULT.
"I heard the master complaining to the cook that the eggs he had for breakfast were not fresh," said Mr. Cochlin China to his wife.
"They were fresh when I laid them," replied Mrs. Cochlin China, tartly.—Detroit Free Press.

SOMEBODIES.

BARB, H. M.—of Indiana, is the only man living in that state who is by direct descent a son of the American Revolution.

BLEVENET, M.—Chief Engineer of the London Metropolitan Railway, is coming here to study "passenger handling." A Donnybrook Fair or a Mount Pelee volcano could give him even more radical tips.

EDWARD VII.—has offered a competition cup, open to yachts of all nations, for a race off Queenstown this year. Another chance for your Yacht Syndicate.

FABER, CARL.—son of the pencil manufacturer, has given \$50,000 to German museums. If the pen is mightier than the sword, how mighty is the pencil?

LODGE, SENATOR.—is well up in shirt designs. He has shirts and vests of the same material woven especially for him.

SHAW, SECRETARY of the Treasury, takes daily horseback rides. Observers say he does so with the look of one who performs some solemn duty.

WHITNEY, W. C.—is the largest landowner in Massachusetts. The town seal of Washington, Mass., contains his portrait. It is the only Massachusetts town seal bearing the portrait of a living man.

THE SOLDIER'S DIRGE.

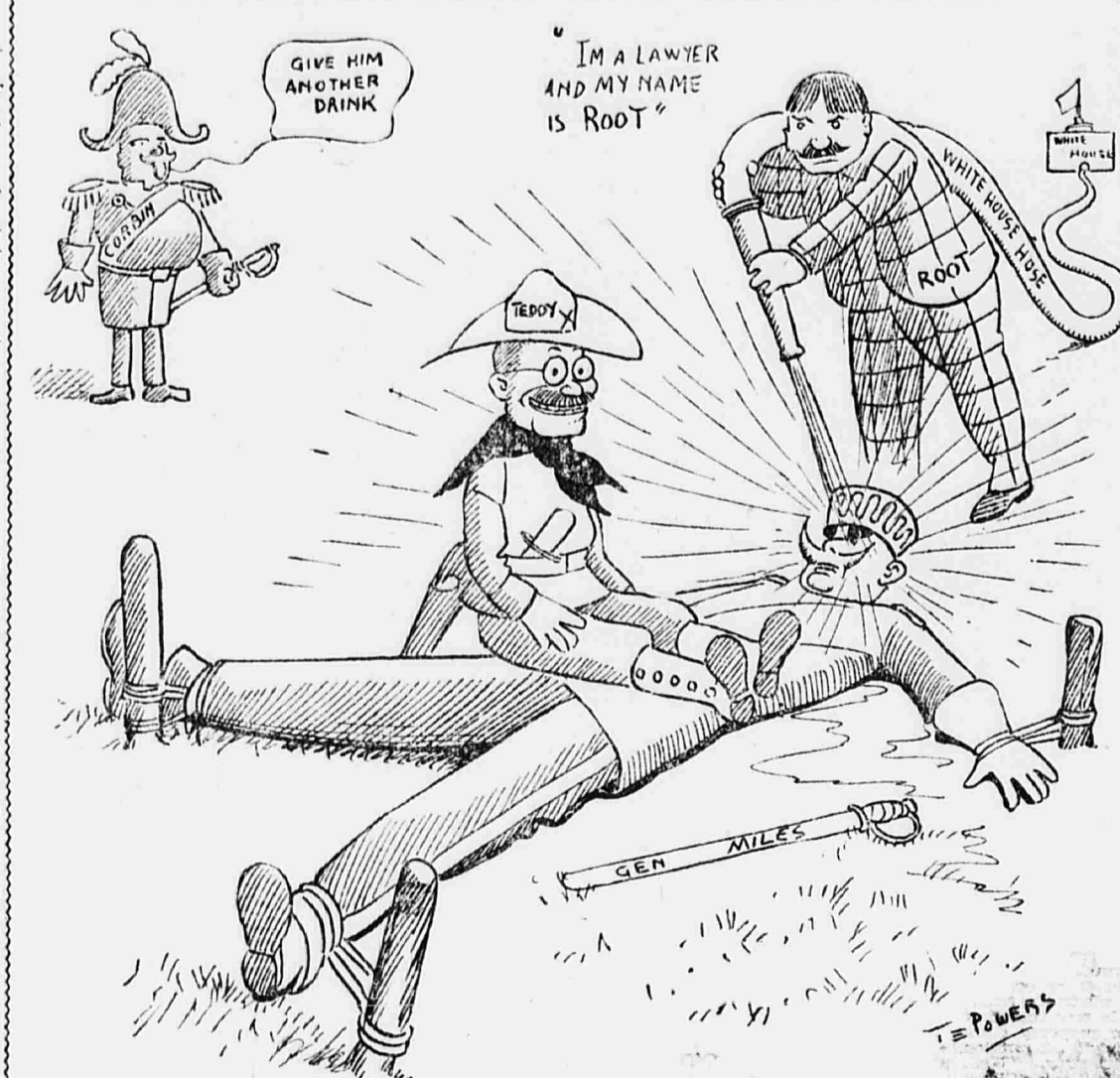
Dead in the battle—dead on the field:
More than his life can a soldier yield?
Dead for his country. Muffle the drums:
Slowly the sad procession comes.
The heart may ache, but the heart must swell
With pride for the soldier who fought so well.
His blood has burnished his sabre bright.
To his memory, honor; to him, good night.
—Elizabeth Harman in Lippincott's.

TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

"Evil to Him Who Thinks Evil of It."
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Please translate the inscription of the Order of the Garter: "Honi soit qui mal y pense."
G. H.

The Ledger Page.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
In regard to "Brothers' query as to whether the page of the ledger should be entered in the cash book before posting or after, I would say that it positively should not be entered before. It shows that the item has been posted. Furthermore, it would be liable to cause mistakes if the items were entered before posting. Sometimes an account has to be forwarded. Then your ledger page would be wrong unless you took the

A WATER CURE THAT DIDN'T CURE.



There are other Water Cures than those they deal to Filipinos. As every one, unless he be particularly green, knows. They tried it on a General, in new assorted styles. But found that misses very often are as good as Miles.



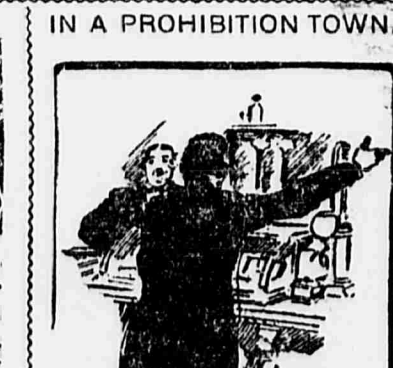
Caged Lion—Now, I wonder if that is one of those social lions I've heard about?



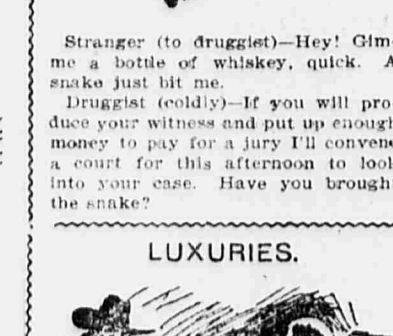
Kid—I want ter buy a pair of gloves.
Storekeep—Kid gloves?
Kid—Naw, I'm no kid.



German—Nat kind of frewit grows dem electric vites on, hey?
Irishman—Currants, ha, ha!



Stranger (to druggist)—Hey! Gimme a bottle of whiskey, quick. A snake just bit me.
Druggist (coldly)—If you will produce your witness and put up enough money to pay for a jury I'll convene a court for this afternoon to look into your case. Have you brought the snake?



Architect—Well, one reason the house will cost so much is on account of the plumbing.
Col. Whiskerson (promptly)—Well, why not dispense with the water pipes altogether. We don't consider them a necessity in this State, uh. There's plenty of other liquid.



The Palmist—Ah, I can see that something substantial is coming your way soon.
Casey—Somethin' substantial? Begorry, I bet th' old woman is goin' to find another flunk.



Norah—Sure, sir, the missus says why do you give such small measure for a pint?

Milk Dealer—This here is superlative milk, miss! Why, I put nothin' but distilled water into this milk!



"Are you a single man?"
"Do I look like twine?"



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ODDITY CORNER.

BRITISH BEER.

One thousand and forty million gallons of beer brewed yearly in the United Kingdom equals the total amount brewed by America, France and Austria.

WATER SPOUTS.

The rotation of a water spout at the surface of the sea has been estimated by Prof. Bigelow as 354 miles an hour, or nearly six miles a minute.

COLD COFFEE.

Cold coffee is gradually displacing beer in German factories as a beverage during working hours.

A FREIGHT-CAR VILLAGE.



Among the many picturesque scenes within the confines of a great city the accompanying cut illustrates one that is unique in Toledo. Out in the Michigan Central Railroad yards, not far from Walbridge Park, there is a little freight-car village, of which the picture shows a portion. These old freight cars are located between the tracks and the banks of the canal and several of them have been fitted up for living and yard-office purposes. There are windows in the sides, lovely little smokestacks and coal bunkers have been added at the sides. This little village enjoys a splendid location, but its inhabitants have some comforts that the residents of brownstone fronts cannot enjoy, says the Toledo Blade. Their coal is within easy reach at their back door and they can fish for supper from the front balcony. What more can heart desire?

BRAIN TWISTERS.

THE APPLE WOMAN.

A poor woman, carrying a basket of apples, was met by three boys, the first of whom bought half of what she had, and then gave her back 10; the second boy bought a third of what remained, and gave her back 2; and the third bought half of what she had now left, and returned her one, after which she found she had 12 apples remaining. What number had she at first? Look for the answer in to-morrow's Evening World.

Answers to Saturday's Twisters.

THE JEALOUS HUSBANDS.
This is the answer to the problem of the three jealous husbands, who, with their wives, have to cross a river two at a time, so that no wife is left in the company of one or two men.

This may be effected in two or three ways: the following may be as good as any: Let A and wife go over—let A return—let B and C's wives go over—A's wife returns—B and C go over—B and wife return, A and B go over—C's wife returns, and A and B's wives go over—then C comes back for his wife. Simple as this question may appear, it is found in the works of Alcuin, who flourished a thousand years ago, hundreds of years before the art of printing was invented.

THE FALSE SCALES.

Here is the answer to the false scales which shows 9 and 16 pounds for the same cheese, the problem being to ascertain the true weight.
The true weight is a mean proportional between the two false ones, and is found by extracting the square root of their product. Thus $16 \times 9 = 144$, and square root $144 = 12$ lbs., the weight required.

WHO CAN PUNCTUATE?

See if you can punctuate these sentences so that they will make sense, says the Philadelphia Press:

1. That that is so that that is not that that is not is that so
2. It was and I said not or

WIRELESS TELEPHONE.

The wireless telephone of Armstrong and Oring is attracting marked attention from scientists, and users of the telephone as well.

ONE ROW OF TRIMMING.

In Ellen M. Stone's own story of her life for six months among the brigands she tells how she and her companion begged their captors to procure for them some woollen homespun, as they were in need of warmer dresses. She then goes on to say: "Some days later there was a roll of thick brown homespun laid in our corner."

Now probably only a woman could tell what that one row of trimming meant to those forlorn captives! And the thoughtfulness of the brigands in supplying not only buttons but also braid is past comprehension, says the Chicago News. At least they must have been nice married cago News. At least they must have been nice married brigands and accustomed to matching ribbons and thread and dress goods. Every woman knows it is very hard to get the right shade of braid for the bottom of a skirt, and especially a brown skirt. For an every-day, plain color brown is most maddening to match. There are so many different shades of brown!

Cold they undoubtedly were—these women—lonesome and homesick and almost despairing of ever seeing their friends again; hungry, quite possibly, because they were used to a great variety of food than they were able to get on that stretch from place to place, but they had their "one row of trimming." Any woman who couldn't be happy with a new gown, especially when it had "one row of trimming," even in the wilderness, doesn't deserve to be ransomed.

FREE DOCTORS IN GERMANY.

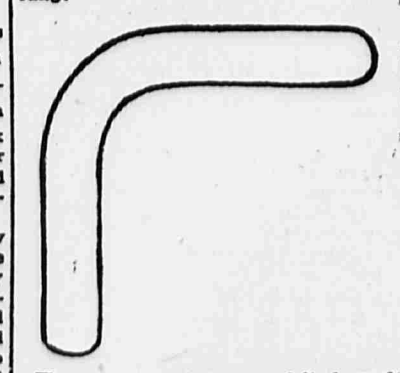
Under an insurance law enacted in Germany several years ago 30,000,000 people receive in return for a nominal sum free medical attendance. The theory was that suffering humanity would receive cheap and effective relief from its bodily ills, but in practice there are many drawbacks. The doctors hired by the State hold that they are expected to do too much for the pay they get. In Munich they get only about \$15 per annum. In order to keep down expenses the doctors are inclined to impress upon the patients that nothing is the trouble with them.

SOME FACTS ABOUT BROOKLYN.

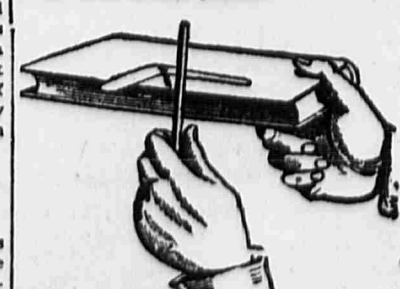
There are in the borough of Brooklyn 20,000 apartment or tenement houses (less than half the number of New York), 11,000 stores, 10,000 stables, 5,000 factories, 541 hotels or hotel-saloons, 215 schools, 540 churches, 90 theatres, 91 lodging-houses, 215 clubs, 45 station-houses, 125 engine-houses, 125 hospitals and asylums and 1,500 warehouses.

HOW TO MAKE A BOOMERANG.

Get a piece of tolerably stiff cardboard, and cut from it a figure resembling this, and you will have a boomerang:



The next thing is to propel it through the air so that it will return to your feet. To do this lay the boomerang on a flat book in this position:



allowing one end to project about an inch; then holding the book at a slight angle strike the projecting end of the boomerang with a stick or heavy pen-holder, when it will fly across the room and return to your feet.

READ THIS. IT IS EASY.

These monograms spell out a very familiar Shakespearean quotation. Can you decipher it?